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 - b. By paying fifty cents to the Librarian.
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WILDERNESS AND MOUNT.

A Poem of Tabernacles.

BY

MRS. ELLEN T. H. HARVEY,

AUTHOR OF SEVERAL ANONYMOUS BOOKS.

“Our fathers had the tabernacle of witness in the wilderness, as He had appointed.” — ACTS vii. 44.

“And, after six days, Jesus taketh Peter, James, and John his brother, and bringeth them up into a high mountain apart, and was transfigured before them; and his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light.” — MATT. xvii. 1, 2.

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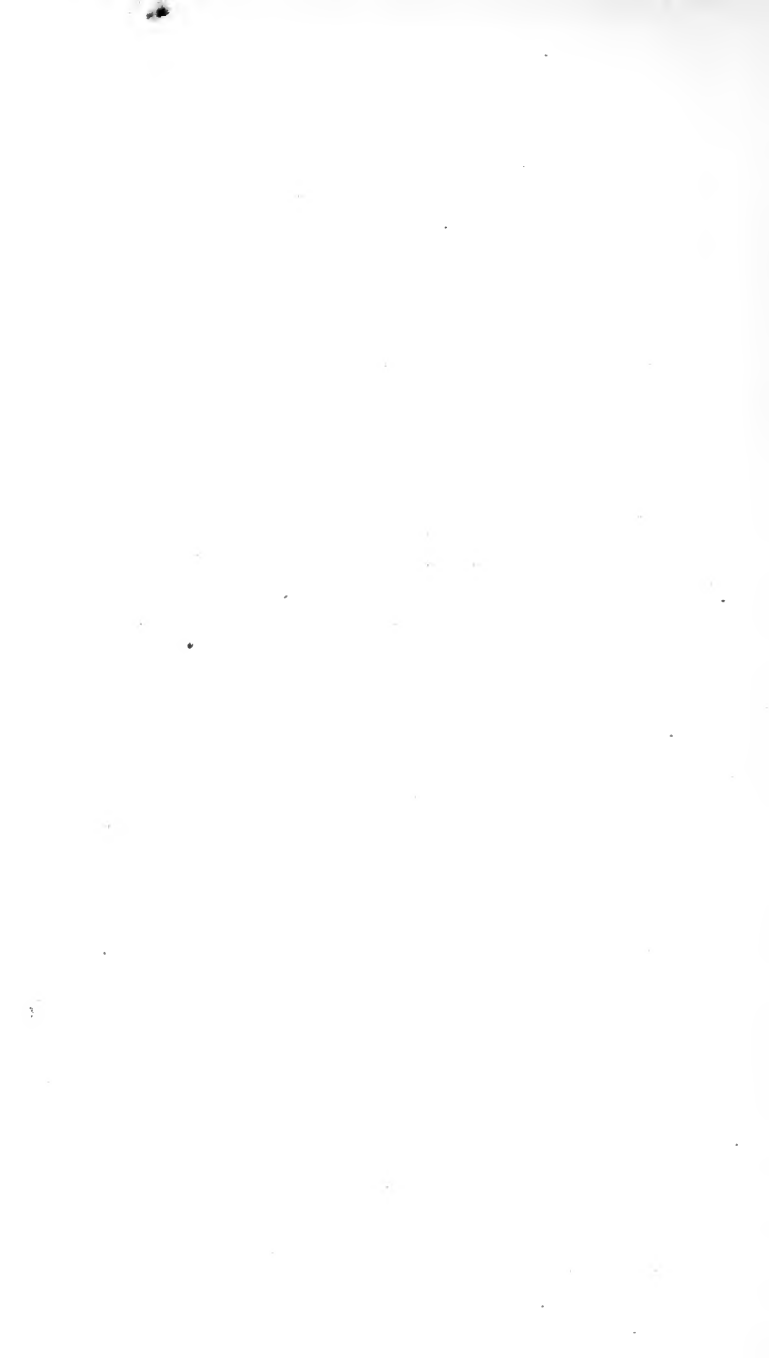
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PRELUDE.

A CENTRAL truth there is,
Which should our souls environ,
As with strong chains of iron ; —
There are diversities
Of gifts ; not less, 'tis true,
Of operations : all,
Whate'er the name we call,
One Spirit worketh through, —
Even the Christ, our Lord,
Revealed in His own Word.

He is our pattern ; only He :
Not any man, however wise,
Nor system in its grand emprise,
Should substitution be.
Nor let there be one given mold
In which all types of mind are run ;
As well attempt to melt the sun
In model shapes of gold.

The soul is the eternal breath ;
The voices cognate unto it
Are trending to the infinite;
Before and after what's called Death.

Results by numbers never count :
All souls do not receive the grace
Some seem to have in certain trace
From wilderness unto the mount.
Yet others many, not less good,
Receive, perchance, in different way ;
And so 'tis not for men to say
What only One has understood.

There's nothing greater than pure Love,
Which sees in every man a part
Of the all-bountiful God-heart !
Stars differ in their light above.
Be honor unto whom 'tis due,
E'en though he sees not as we see,
Or is not what we'd have him be.
The ideal mount is gained by few :
Let honest rights to all be given.
Time settles most things on its lees :
No man can all men always please.
There is no wilderness in heaven.



WILDERNESS AND MOUNT.

I.

MIDSUMMER MORNING IN THE TOWN.

CHRISTOPHE.

I'M weary of this world of strife, —
The cark and toil un hinge my brain ;
I hunger for some higher life, —

The deep, still rest which follows pain.

My idols all have dropped to dust ;

High hopes of earthly good have flown ;

Men are untrue ; I cannot trust :

Alas ! my spirit stands alone.

The meed of praise for honors won

Is but a hollow, selfish strain :

In all that I have ever done,

I look for happiness in vain.

“*In vain,*” my bird in echo sharp,
Derisive cries, — imp of degrees !
Oh, were it that Æolian harp
I hung of old between the trees,
When all was peaceful, and I dreamed
The gentle music told me truth,
And things were better than they seemed,
Blest visions of my sunny youth !
Oh, fool was I !

Now wise the bird
To call me what forsooth is true.
Strange that I never heard that word
When standing in the morning dew,
And hunting for the four-leaved clover !
All that is passed : my luck is over.
Now, when I dream, I see black crosses
On the head-piece of pale horses :
No marvel, since I've borne such losses !

JOHN HOPEFUL.

Ah, grace be unto you ! there's joy
The circle of this life within.
One came, through death he might destroy
The power of death, and strength of sin.

Thank God! 'twas not angelic mold
He took upon himself, but ours,
That he sublimest place might hold
Of merciful High Priest, in powers
Pertaining to the Father, while
He suffered, thus to reconcile
Our God to us, and us to God.

Hast prayed this morn until the smile
Shone in Christ's eyes of tend'rest fire,
And warmed to blooming all the rod
That lies across thy broken lyre?

There's a provision, grandly wide,
To cover life, whate'er the loss,
With lustre from the brighter side,—
The side where shines the crownèd cross.

They who accept, go ever on
The conflicts and temptations through,
Rejoicing more than at the dawn
Of life's illusions fair and new.

Remember, Christophe, that famed wife
Who backward looked with longing eyes!

The strange procession of thy life
Leave to the Father, good, all-wise.

CHRISTOPHE.

I know ; I've read ; I long have thought,
Till my tired brain is overfull :
And yet my wisdom has not bought
One comfort strong or beautiful.
'Twas in my youth I gave my heart
In covenant with God's free grace :
I chose what's called the better part,
And started on the Christian race.
I well remember that blest day,
When I had been God's word to hear.
Behind our shed I knelt to pray, —
('Twas near the close of my twelfth year.)
I had a little altar there,
Where I had prayed upon my knees :
Oh ! 'twas a precious spot, and rare
In beauty, 'neath the cherry-trees !
Just then I heard the old church-bell :
Its music made me shiver through ;
For unto me it seemed to tell
What God the Lord called me to do.
I must give him my heart, and be
His true disciple through all change ;

Must suffer, — what, I could not see ;
That seemed to lie along the range
Of a prospective vision dim.

Oh, had I known what I know now !
But there I yielded unto Him
Who wore the thorns upon his brow.
Since then, the doctrines of the Church
Are ever precious in my plan :
But I've unrest, a conflict, search,
For that which makes a truer man ;
My spirit is unreconciled
To what I'm called to see and bear.
Would that I were a simple child,
Unknowing pain or woe or care ;
Or, better still, an angel free,
Divested of this earthly clod,
To roam throughout immensity
Within the glorious light of God !

JOHN HOPEFUL.

Dear friend, there's light and love for you
Within this earthly, sinful sphere.
Arise ! thy light has come anew ;
There is a life devoid of fear.

'Tis true as truth, — a living fact :
There's love divine, complete and pure,
Which will redeem each sinful act,
And make your peace perpetual, sure.

CHRISTOPHE.

I've pondered many wondrous things, —
The patent cures in books abound :
But life ne'er mends its broken strings ;
The chord, once lost, is never found.
My mind and manner are not free
To follow every rushing tide :
No, no ! I am what I must be
Until my spirit's glorified.

JOHN.

Say, rather, sanctified, made free
In Christ's redeeming blood, by faith.

CHRISTOPHE.

Nay, friend : that state will never be
Until the moment of my death.

JOHN.

Far off across the hills and streams
There is a consecrated grove,
Where heaven's bright light in glory streams,
Till all the place is filled with love.
They're meeting now, those holy hearts,
To worship God : let us away
Beyond the city's crowded marts,
And with them sweetly praise and pray.





II.

THE NATIONAL CAMP-MEETING.

JOHN

THIS is the place, — the temple Nature made ;
High heaven its dome, its roof the bounteous
 shade
Of kingly oaks, and beeches in a royal line,
Among the hemlocks and the fragrant pine.
Here are the paths of graceful curve, which
 lead
Far in beyond our view. Let us proceed.

CHRISTOPHE.

These tents on every hand are most, to me,
Like argosies full-freighted on the sea.

Each hath a voyage, a mission every soul :
How many, think you, will attain the goal ?
And here are cottages which hem the way :
Some give us glimpses of interiors gay ;
And some of dear old times in truth remind,
Ere fashion came our utmost life to grind ;
When all rose early, ate good milk and bread,
Wore homespun coats, and gowns of blue and red ;
Had prayers upon their knees, and sang high
 strains

Of heaven and hell, with lively fugue refrains ;
In honest, simple plans, took up their task
By that full grace which limit does not ask,
And followed goodness all the livelong day ;
Met round the hearth at night in kindly way,
To loving blend each part in happy whole.
Oh, there was wisdom ! Bless the honest soul !
Of this I've heard my aged grandsire tell,
Until my heart with fervors wild did swell.

JOHN.

And here is wisdom. See ! encircled near,
A fountain, with its waters cold and clear ;

A type of that eternal fount, where erst,
Said Christ, the soul may drink, and never thirst.
The shadows on the marbles fall aslant,
While all the day the cups are resonant
With music of their use.

CHRISTOPHE (*drinking*).

Oh, from this cup
Might I but surely drink my misery up !
Where'er I go, though beautiful the scene,
The saddened past comes up to contravene
Repose of soul.

JOHN.

Dear friend, rest in the Lord !
Your confidence shall have a great reward.
Now would that from the fullness of my heart,
I could one consolation true impart !
But no : God only gives a lasting peace,
And brings the fettered soul to its release.

(After an interval of silence.)

Go forth with me from off this living street ;
Let us escape the sound of busy feet.



THE FOUNTAIN.

THE FOUNTAIN.

TO VINE
ARBORELIAS

Here is the field: the insects in the grass
Sing praise as by their little tents we pass.
They are in harmony with all God's move:
Ah! why can man do any less than love?
Turn back the gaze: how vast and grand the
wood,

The august diction of the noblest mood!
The branches wave in gentle tune their praise,
In pæan of escape from silent days.
And how the squirrels whisk within and out
The mossy stones, astonished at the rout!
While with bright eyes they whisper to the
leaves,—

“He who gives pleasure, thrice the gift re-
ceives.”

These rocky battlements extend their arms
To reach the plains and cultivated farms.
Behold! across the tree-tops, sleeps the lake;
Beyond, perpetual hills! which rounding make
In broad symmetric zone of emerald hue,
Whose shadows softly blend upon the blue,
O'er which the boats skim lightly here and there
With freight of youth and love, untouched with
care;

And in this foreground, on the country road,
Regard the wagons with their pilgrim load ;
And there, beneath the bounteous apple-trees,
Are horses fastened, sleeping in the breeze,
To dream of clover, save when sounds aloud
Break on their ears from off yon human crowd.
These, with the varied aspects of the farm,
This rural picture grace with added charm.

CHRISTOPHE.

But what is that immense pavilion white,
That now looms yonder on my curious sight ?

JOHN.

The tabernacle : therein I've often seen
A work of power more heavenly than terrene,
While met the peoples at the early morn,
Revived with fragrant freshness of the dawn,
To lift their hearts in praise and prayer, and
talk
Of Christ, the dearest friend, and of their walk
With him, along life's devious, shadowed way,
To the eternal realms of golden day ;



THE TABERNACLE.





ARMY
ARMY

Until I cried, "How excellent, O Lord,
Thy loving-kindness! hence I trust thy word,
And underneath the shadow of thy wings
My soul finds blessedness, and glory sings."
There, likewise, children with their guides repair,
To learn of Him who gave their earliest prayer;
Small rosy lips repeat in cherub-note
The truths of life and light in simplest rote;
The tender lambs are raised aloft in faithful
 arms,
And shown the Saviour in his matchless charms.
All fresh from heaven, their bounding hearts
 alight
With innocence' celestial aura bright,
They catch the vision, while the holy grace
In their sweet, trustful hearts finds dwelling-
 place.
Their angels from the presence of the Lord,
Assist the faithful teachers of the Word,
Infix the precious truths which they have heard.
A fairer sight not mine has been to see
Than this, — of children, with their ministry
Of loving, holy women, greatly blest
In leading tender lambs to Jesus' breast.

And there assemble at the eventide
The shepherds of the flocks. Thus, side by
side,
I've marked the bowed and white-haired vet-
eran
Whose earthly pilgrimage was almost done,
While gently neared his boat the farther shore
Without the motion of his faithful oar ;
And youthful hero in his armor bright,
Equipped for conquest on the mountain height,
With flashing eye intent the prize to reach,
Across the bridge of work and earnest speech.
Would I could catch the picture in its truth, —
The mellow saint beside the unripe youth !

CHRISTOPHE.

Ah, well, good sir ! you'd better not attempt
With a free pencil works of such high art.
A tyro, from grave faults is not exempt.
Ours is the learner's, not the critic's, part.
Though taught in all the schools, not yet are
we
In truest style of Christian charity.

JOHN.

Yea, in this manner I confess thou'rt wise ;
He who most sees in life to criticise,
Is least correct himself, be sure.
But to resume : the famed and the obscure,
With thought half fledged, and thought profound, mature, —
All types of preachers, at the sunset-hour,
Have I seen wrestling in fraternal power.
Ah, yes ! beneath yon whitened canvas broad
I've witnessed many a meeting for the Lord.

CHRISTOPHE.

Let us draw near : perchance I'll wander in.
I like the place where souls have lately been.
The spirit which has held and swayed the
crowd
Seems yet to linger like an unseen cloud,
As loath to leave.

JOHN (*later*).

Hark ! there's the evening
bell !

'Tis time for song and sermon. All is well.

(On their way they meet a messenger. John receives a letter, and, after reading, exclaims, —)

I'm summoned hence. I must be gone to-night.
I leave you, friend, and this beloved spot.
These things are somewhat sad ; but it is right,
Or else in this wise 'twould befall me not.
You'll now be left to think without your friend :
For this it will prove better in the end
To your free spirit. I'll oft pray for you,
O pax vobiscum, Christophe ! Now adieu !





III.

THE SERMON.

(Evening; in the grove before the preachers' stand.)

Now, in the classic Grecian lore
'Tis written, Amphion of yore
Had with his voice and lyre such skill,
The very stones at their own will
Rose up, and formed a wall of song,
All shapely, beautiful, and strong.
Certes the trees did clap their hands
As here united happy bands
In singing on one surging flood,
"There is a fountain filled with blood."
While they sang heavenly praises thus,
The very air was tremulous,

And formed a wall of burning gold,
Around that waiting, numerous fold.
Then, 'neath the awning and the trees,
The people fell upon their knees,
What time a strong-voiced veteran
Did lead in prayer to God for man :
For man in general, and the world,
Was not his bannered faith unfurled ;
But men and women, ay, the child,
The youth in all life's impulse wild,
And those dear ones for whom was writ,
" Pray that an arrow sure may hit
My own beloved, that on this ground
They seek the Lord while he is found."
And likewise prayed this strong-souled saint,
The Church might fight, and never faint, —
Fight Satan in his strongest hold,
The pride of life, the greed for gold.
Like some true warrior of old days
Who'd slain his thousands to God's praise,
He knew the Tempter's tricks by heart,
Each password on his lines of art.
O brave old man ! no idle oar
Can take thee to the golden shore ;

But thou wilt work, however late
Thy life, while others stand and wait.

This Christophe heard ; but still his soul
Was held in bands well-wrung and whole.
The heavens above his faith did ope
But to admit a partial hope ;
While, stumbling o'er the blocks of doubt,
His thought toward God and man went out.
" 'Tis very well," he whispered home,
" To this delightful place to come ;
One sees so much of varied life,
Quite undisturbed by outer strife :
But what can this emotion do
For one whose spirit is chilled through ?
What alchemy, howe'er divine,
Can change a nature such as mine ?
My soul amidst its famine gaunt,
Cries out in hopeless strife, ' I want !'
No power in life nor yet in death,
Can bring to me the old-time-faith."
As thus he mused, the fire was laid
Upon the altar. A preacher said

Those royal words which make the blood
Stir in the heart, a Thanks to God, —
“ALL THINGS ARE YOURS.”

He was a man
Whose life ran even with God's plan.
All things were his, and, most of all,
The Christ who saves from sinful thrall,
And sets his people free in love,
That they his goodness e'er may prove.
So greatly did the glory fill
His soul, excluding his own will,
His words were power : they clove the heart,
Disclosing many a hidden part,
And holding up before the view
The living way in aspect new.
As Christophe heard, he trembled, spite
His utmost effort recondite.
“I'll ne'er,” said he, “receive this word,
Though he should wield archangel's sword,
Like Boanerges, son of thunder,
To cleave my soul with truth asunder.
But I must sure my firmness brace :
His words strike right across my face

With such a strange, persuasive force,
I shall let slip my last resource."
" *All things are yours,*" again he cried,
" Since Christ for you was crucified.
His blood alone can cleanse from sin,
And bring the reign of freedom in.
Not any work which you have done,
Nor victory you have ever won,
Can bring your soul to a release
 From sin's avenging power ;
 For in the selfsame hour
You break the law, you lose your peace :
 A struggle fierce ensues ;
 And vainly you refuse
The parley with the conquering foe,
Since, at your bidding, he'll not go.
 ' Oh ! whither shall I fly ? '
 Is now the spirit's cry :
' On either hand, my judgment sits ;
No plea my guilty soul acquits ;
 I long for that which gives
 Redemption from this pain :
But, while my body lives,
 Sin in my life must reign.'

So cries the panting soul in grief,
Nor yet expects in life relief."

 ("Yes," Christophe inly sighed,
 "Would God that I had died,
 The fatal year I lost
 My idols at such cost!
 For, since I was distress,
 There's nothing can bring rest.")

As if the preacher had him in his plan
Christophe did seem to hear, "Thou art the
 man!"

 And, while a prayer went up on high,
 "Afflicted spirit!" was his cry,
 "All things in Christ belong to you.
 And ask you now, 'What shall I do?'"
 Just here he raised his hand aloft,
 A wondrous light in radiance soft

Shone on his brow, as though a glory fell
From Christ's own heart, while he stood there to
 tell

 The blessed story of the cross;
 And how was recompensed the loss
Of purity, — the gold refined from dross.

“Is now your heart all darkly full
Of every hateful thing?
Is nothing really beautiful?
Hast thou no heart to sing,
'The Lord my shepherd is ;
I know I shall not want :
He leadeth me in paths of bliss
To every peaceful haunt' ?
Look up, belovèd brother ! See
Your Saviour ! He is mine !
He died to save ; he died for thee,
That all things might be thine.
'Tis Jesus saves us from our sins ;
Through faith in his shed blood,
The burdened soul its freedom wins,
And boldly pleads with God.
This is the power of God to bless :
Christ unto us is made
Our wisdom and our righteousness, —
By him our debt is paid :
HE SANCTIFIES !

“Give him your love ;
His blest commands obey.

Say, will you this deliv'rance prove,
No longer in your bondage stay ?
Hast thou some idol out of sight,
Some ruling passion dear ?
O Holy Spirit ! with thy light
Shine on each spirit here ;
Search every heart, and bring to view
The myst'ry of each will ;
With thy pure cleansing make them new,
And with the Spirit fill.

As when one looks adown a crystal well,
Beholds his image, yet can hardly tell
If it be self or other, in the shade
Which the reflection of his presence made ;
So Christophe gazed upon the fountain deep
Within his soul, and then began to weep.
The longer looked, the more the image grew
Upon his consciousness ; and yet 'twas new.
But vain had been the invocation free
And powerful to seek for purity,
Had not "one like the Son of man" there come,
With outstretched arms, to bring the wand'ers
home.

The man of God, by holy power endued
With an electric unction, thus renewed :—

“ Jesus, thou Lamb of God ! art thou not here ?
I feel thy presence : this is holy ground !

Thy glory is too near !

We bow e'en to the dust.

But hark ! what wondrous words are found !

‘ If we our sins confess,

He faithful is and just,

Trangressions to forgive,

And cleanse from *all* unrighteousness.’

Ah ! now look up, and live :

All things are yours.”

There rose a sound,

As some strong wind among the trees,

Of “ Glory to the Lamb ! ”

And Christophe, falling on his knees,

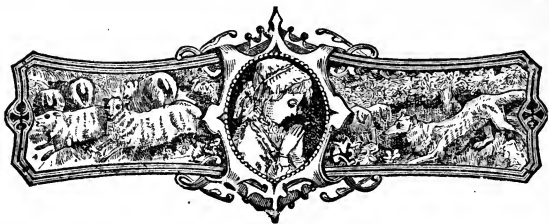
Cried, “ Lord, thine own I am !

All that I have, or what shall be,

My future life to bless,

I give, dear Saviour, unto thee,

Thou source of happiness ! ”



IV.

THE PRAYER.

THE preacher ceased: there was a still, deep
 calm

Of silent prayer, unutterable psalm!

'Twas well-nigh like the silence of the Heaven,
When opening of the seventh seal was given.

And as in heaven from off the altar, rose
The incense of an angel's prayer, with those
True prayers which reach the high, eternal
 throne,

So here did intercede a sainted one.

Hark! has not the angel utterance now

E'en in the man? There's light upon his brow!

Sure, prayer, in strains like these, has never
birth,
Save from *the soul that's soon to quit the earth.*

Behold, he talks with God, as face to face,
In purest glow !

This is a holy place !

What heart is here that will not melt in love ?
What heart would not such wondrous sweetness
prove ?

Who would not taste these clusters of ripe
fruit ?

Can any listen with a spirit mute ?

'Twas thus ; —

But no ! such pearls are not reset.

Oh ! who that heard that prayer can e'er forget ?

And yet 'twas human word

That from those gracious lips, enraptured heard
The waiting throng, — a word no brush can
paint,

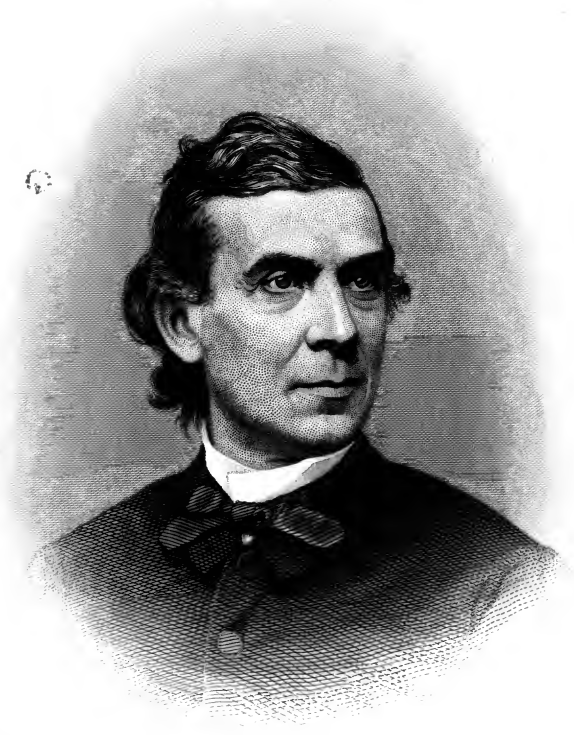
More than the dazzling aura of a saint ;

For it was incense, — fragrance unexpressed,

Received while leaning on the Saviour's breast,

Strong interfused through all his sainted life,
With choicest graces of the Spirit rife.
And though he boldly plead before the throne
As one who must be heard, his spirit grew
In heavenly union as he thus prayed on.
The Saviour, whom he greatly loved, appeared,
To take possession of his soul all through ;
Which gracious spirit him to all endeared.
The tears did tremble on their eyes, like dew
On flowers in a delicious summer eve.
And some there were who could not help but
 grieve,
As though the founts of inbred sin were wide
Unclosed before the Lord, the Crucified.

At length he paused, — a moment greatly full
Of power : then in a figure beautiful
He held the people up before the face,
As children waiting for descending grace
From God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
When, as in solemn fervor sweetly lost,
He said, “Dear Lord, thou hast the vic'try
 won ;
We give thee *all* our faith ; *thy will be done !*”



Photographed by Mendenhall & Co. N.Y.

REV. ALFRED COOKMAN.

Alman Brothers Engravers & Printers Filadels

Moved were all hearts. Christophe fell prone as
dead :

The human strength of the proud man had fled.

Oh ! if one there, but had the power to cast
The future in this scene which thus had passed,
And seen this holy man, an angel now,
In blood-washed robe, a halo round his brow,
Sweeping in royal chariot of fire
Through gates of pearl to glory higher
Than eye hath seen, ear heard, or heart con-
ceived ;

By many shining ones — old friends, — received
And borne along before that glorious throne
Whence he so oft had sent, “ Thy will be done ; ”
To see the Lamb, the Christ whom he adored,
And hear the welcome plaudit of the Lord, —
Had one swift radiant glance to these been
given

Of Alfred Cookman, now a saint in heaven,
What strange amazement would have seized the
throng !

What words would they have joined in sacred
song !

What oracles, the accents from his lips,
As though they were a new apocalypse,
A late discovery of God's will to man,
Unfolding some supreme, mysterious plan!
And yet 'tis even truth, Death lingers near
Our every feast of friends and kindred dear.
"Some one is marked," we hear the spirit cry :
Let us with watching pray, "Lord, is it I?"
To die in Christian triumph — ah! 'tis bliss
Unspeakable, a holy death like this!
Translation glorious from the earthly sphere,
Whence what we shall be does not now ap-
pear, —

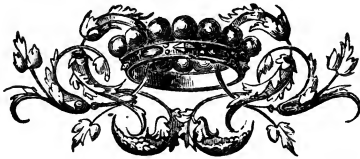
Only like Christ : we'll see him as he is,
And then with him, we'll fathom mysteries.

Thou sainted Cookman ! say, is it not given
To speak thy greatest truth well learned in
heaven ?

"'Is Christ divided ?' I may tell you all,
Be not of Cephas, nor be ye of Paul.
'Tis Christ the hope of glory, and not man.
The cross is only the effectual plan :

To them that perish it is foolishness ;
To us who're saved, hath power of God to bless.
The Jews required a sign ; so do not ye.
In spirit's holy power wouldst hear from me ?
Have ye the mind of Christ? Receive his
word, —

What wiser truth can ever more be heard ? —
' Let him that glorieth, glory in the Lord.' "





V.

MORNING, IN THE TABERNACLE.—
EVENING, UNDER THE ROOF.

THE morning dawned 'mid lines of gold ;
And, as in Eastern tale 'tis told,
When struck the earliest golden rays
A certain tower, it sent forth praise
In finest, most ecstatic word,
Such as no mortal elsewhere heard ;
Likewise upon this tented ground,
Where many early meeting found,
Arose delightful notes of joy,
Like as the angels might employ
To sing the story of God's love
Around the sapphire throne above.

This having passed, and prayer gone through,
A leader bade them to review
The way their lives were being led,—
If sad, or yet new-comforted ;
“ For they who love the Lord,” said he,
“ Speak often, each to others, free.”

Christophe sat in a farther seat,
As loath the general eye to meet ;
For, though his soul with love was full,
The vision of his faith was dull.
He inly said, “ I’ll hear the rest ;
For, should I ever be less blessed,
I’d wish my feelings unexpressed.”
And, as he doubted Jesus’ power
To keep him from that happy hour,
He dreamed himself to safely lead,
Unthinking he would not succeed.

’Twas while a sister spoke of faith,
Its mighty power o’er life and death
For which she witnessed, having known
This work on hearts, and in her own,
That in his soul temptation rose,

Such as the Adversary knows
How to infuse in hearts like his,
And quickly rob them of their bliss.
“I can’t believe this work of love
My late experience will prove,”
He mused ; “I cannot be thus saved.
The seal of faith is not engraved
On my poor sinful heart. Alas !
Would I were one of this dear class
Who can believe with easy will !
I must be reasoning, questioning still.”

The more he these confessions heard,
The more his inner soul was stirred :
For now, the Tempter having kept,
Each moment he new troubles reapt ;
Till, like a fiery crater pent,
His spirit burned in punishment.
For this is Satan’s special joy, —
The new-found peace to quite destroy,
Or lessen, as he best can do,
According as the soul is true
And strong in its peculiar mold ;
Well knowing it’s worth more to hold

One mighty than a thousand weak
Who only play at hide-and-peek
With Truth, and all religious work
Perform with a good zeal to shirk.
But here was one who would be known
A power behind the very throne.
If he but Christophe could allure
From faith in God, his power to cure
From sin and its effects impure,
A triumph rare he would secure.

Permit these words in interlude :
Why do not leaders strong and good,
Seek out these doubters in their pain,
And win them back to peace again ?
Why is not more for sad hearts done
Who stumble ere they've well begun ?
Christ came to save that which was lost :
A priest was chosen at the cost
Of human make, ordained for man
In things pertaining to God's plan,
That he for sins might offer gift,
The ignorant teach, the fallen lift ;
Since he himself was compassed round

With scars of many a sinful wound.
Kairon gnothi,* saith the Greek,
Or know your chance, as we would speak ;
And, like these words of Pittacus
Are those divine addressed to us : —
“I was a stranger : ye received
Me not.” Oft strange the soul, and grieved
With painful knowledge of its lack.
O faithful Christian ! keep not back
That love which suffereth others' wrong,
And thinketh kindly, waiteth long.
Recall to mind your own estate,
When you at this same door did wait,
In doubt if you might enter in,
And be redeemed from every sin.
As Dido said in Latin old,
“Myself has suffered : so I hold
A pity for each suffering heart.”
Shall heathen teach the better part ?
Likewise those golden words rehearse
In Hebrews second, eighteenth verse : —
“In that himself hath suffered, he,
Not being from temptation free,

* *Καιρον γνωθι.*

Is able tempted souls to aid.
Wherefore, O holy brethren, made
Partakers of this calling! see
That this example yours may be."

And now had Christophe quenched the fire
Which God had kindled in his soul;
And suffered his half-armed desire
To falter ere it reached the goal.
He'd seen the Lord, and told it not,
As though ashamed, or had forgot.
Each clear confession, strong or mild,
But made him more unreconciled:
So, not to stay thus sorely tried,
He left the place, as if to hide
From God and man.

Up 'neath a roof
With rafters bare, he stayed aloof
From every call which reached his ear,
Unseen, alone, in silence drear.
Not quite alone: two there stood near,
Invisible, and talked with him.

“Thou art a dupe to miss the vim
Of life,” one said, “in this dull style.”

Then, from the very golden rim
Of what did seem his highest thought,
He heard, —

“Let not such speech beguile
Thy soul :” this his good angel taught.

But Satan quick the words did break : —
“With all the effort you can make,
You don’t achieve what others do.
Besides, this doctrine is not true :
You know great men in every age, —
The scholiast, divine, and sage, —
And honored women not a few,
Have taught, while man the flesh is in,
He must be subject unto sin.
’Tis time, when you shall come to die,
For God your soul to sanctify.”

Then spoke the angel on his right, —
“Be strong in power of Jesus’ might ;

And with his armor true and whole,
The Devil's wiles withstand thy soul.
You wrestle not with flesh and blood
When evil comes in like a flood.
Stand, therefore, with the truth fast girt ;
 Above all, take faith's mighty shield,
 And with the Spirit's sword,
 Which is God's holy word,
Watching with prayer, he shall not hurt
 Thy soul, if thou dost never yield.
Mark well, it is not true, beside,
This doctrine good men all denied.
The list is long, the names are strong,
Who made this statute their chief song,
In house of earthly pilgrimage,
In every sect, in every age.
Within your library you can look,
And find there many a precious book
Which testifies a saving power
Unto the uttermost ; a dower
To others, in the fruits of love,
Which best of all a faith can prove.
Likewise project thy honest search :
Behold the women of the Church,

Who've thrown their influence in this scale,
And made the Adversary quail ;
Not only those with gifts endowed,
Whose powerful words have thrilled the crowd,
And through the press have had their birth
To the remotest ends of earth ;
But those sweet souls in corners still,
And by the couches of the ill,
Tried mothers, sisters, and sad wives,
Who've honored this pure faith in lives
More beauteous in their crystal sheen
Than life of most exalted queen."

Then Satan, nowise baffled yet,
Suggested, —

“ You can ne'er forget
The strong delusions many men
Have taught mankind with tongue and pen :
The world, in sooth, could not contain
The works of them who wrote for gain,
Or their own goodness to proclaim,
That they might win undying fame.
Admitting men do loud profess
Their perfect lives of happiness,

There is no Scripture to adduce
Save by perversion and abuse.
T'is written ' Each one goes his way ;'
' All we like sheep have gone astray ;'
' None is righteous, — no, not one :'
And, if we say that we sin none,
We make the Lord a liar, sure ;
And liars he can ne'er endure.
Who would not rather choose to be
The publican, than Pharisee ? ”

The angel then did mildly speak : —
“ The Lord was made an offering meek
For sin. He hath been put to grief,
That we, his seed, might find relief :
And with his stripes we may be healed.
While further yet it is revealed,
If we our sins in truth do own,
He will for *all* our sin atone.
And then a clear command is given, —
' Be perfect as the Lord in heaven ;'

Which would not be laid down to mock
Our standard in the Christian walk.
This is God's will, 'tis likewise said, —
That you be sanctified. You've read
Yet other sacred words which show
That man may gain this state below ;
A state of grace, I say, wherein
He does not yield to any sin.
There is no power which sanctifies
Above temptation till he dies.
But he, kept ever by God's hand,
Has power the evil to withstand :
It comes, but touches not his soul ;
It leaves him still unscathed and whole.
Though sharp the conflict, vic'try sure
Will crown the struggle of the pure."

" Ay, if a pure one you can find,
I then might be of this same mind ;
But, thanks to God ! I'm not so blind
As to be duped by human-kind !"
Thus Satan spoke to Christophe low ;
Then vent'ring bold, — " You know 'tis so !

There's Doctor C., who pleads this grace, —
He wears a whisker round his face ;
And P., who boasts he's never moved,
Is always very finely gloved ;
So S., who has a long stride made
On this ' highway,' is sharp in trade ;
And Sister R., who this professes,
Has several very costly dresses."

" I've heard them say things which I thought
Not as consistent as they ought,"
Mused Christophe, half ashamed to find
Within his heart these thoughts unkind.

" Yes," added Satan, " all the holy
Are very far from being lowly ;
And, though with gentle words they meet us,
I doubt not they'd have burnt Servetus.
Indeed, I've always boldly said it,
These people don't deserve their credit ;
For when there's war, or any stir,
You'll find their brand Excalibur.
They're so aggressive in their doing,
I've sometimes thought they'd prove my ruin."

The angel thus resumed his plea:—
“ Herein our love is perfect made,
That we be bold, St. John has said,
In judgment-day ; for *as is he,*
So in this world (mark that) *are we.*
If none could pure be rightly called,
While by mortality inthrall’d,
Wherefore these words and others plain,
To prove such grace, man may attain ?
‘ Blest are the pure in heart ; for they
Our God shall see.’ Why then, I say,
Is this distinction likewise given, —
‘ Abundant entrance into heaven ’ ?
Some in great triumph pass away
Full in the light of shining day ;
While others in their doubt expire,
Are ‘ scarcely saved ’ by path of fire.
‘ One star from other differeth
In glory,’ thus the Scripture saith.
Is it not then, worth every strife,
To have this purity of life ?
For godliness is gain, we see,
Within this state, and that to be.
However now we close our eyes,

There'll come a time when all disguise
Shall fall : then will in truth appear
The worth of our existence here.
And now, behold, your courage faints
Because is writ against God's saints
These bitter things. No one contends
For even his most righteous friends,
And far less for himself, to be
The fact, that life is wholly free
From errors of the judgment, taste,
Infirmities which should be placed
Beneath the head of faults, not sins ;
As when the will a triumph wins
O'er conscience, but, the motive free
From all designed impurity,
The deed is likewise quite unstained,
A victory which Christ's blood has gained
For him who by a living faith
Ceases from self, and entereth
Upon the rest, which, it is clear,
Remaineth for God's people here.
And thus if this one dresses ill,
Or that one is more faulty still,
Who shall decide which taste is wrong ?

Decisions unto God belong.
We judge no man ; but by his fruit
We know him, and the motive suit ;
And yet not always in that love
Which for ourselves we claim above.
To aim at God, is better far
Than aim at man. ‘ Who shoots the star,’
Saith Eastern proverb, ‘ higher aims
Than he who but the bushes maims.’
You’ll not regret, when you shall die,
That you have set your standard high.”

Then Christophe, with a sigh of pain, —
“ I do bethink me now, as plain
As though ’twere yesternight, how died
My father, who was sanctified,
According to this faith, long years,
And how at last he had no fears,
While we stood round his bed in tears ;
But, looking upward, did exclaim,
‘ Behold the Lamb who once was slain !
I come to thee, dear Christ ! I come !
Farewell, beloved ! I’m going home.’

His cold hand in my mother's, clasped,
He sweetly fell asleep at last.
I saw the glory on his brow,
And said, 'He is an angel now!' .
I gently touched the icy clay,
And smoothed the locks thick-sprent with
gray ;

While I broke out, 'O father ! speak ;
Tell me the things which now I seek
With all my heart to certain know.

Oh ! what is it to die ? — to go
Beyond the scenes of earthly view ?
Who are they now that talk with you ?
What is the "place" in glory there
Which Christ did promise to prepare
For those who his disciples are ?'

Oh, yes ! that scene upon me fell
With influence, I ne'er can tell :
Could I but meet my death as he,
I'd spare no pains like him to be."

"Yea, 'mark the perfect man's release,'"
The angel said : "'his end is peace.'

As you have heard John Wesley tell,
'Praise God ! our people do die well !' "

Then Christophe lowly bent his head,
And murmured, " Would that I were dead !
I cannot live in such a state ;
My soul is very desolate : "
And, proud and strong as he would be,
Repentant tears flowed fast and free.

A pocket Bible on the floor
Beside him lay : he turned it o'er,
And read by chance (which is design),
" The ten were cleansed ; but where the nine ?
They are not found for what is done
To give God glory, only one. "
" That is like me, " said Christophe strong :
" I see wherein I have gone wrong.
' Though I was cleansed, I had not faith
To give God glory with my breath. "
This spake the Holy Ghost with power,
And breathed all through his inner life ;
While Satan, who began to lower,
Resolved on one more bitter strife.

“Turn thou to Proverbs twenty-fifth,
And second verse : there find the pith
Of honor, such as true men feel.
‘It is God’s glory to conceal
A thing,’ it reads ; and likewise saith
The Holy Scripture, ‘Hast thou faith ?
Have it unto thyself ’fore God.’
’Tis only some dull, common clod
Who casts his pearls before the swine ;
Or, mayhap, ’tis by shrewd design.
Come, play the man, and dry your tears ;
Dismiss at once these idle fears :
You’ve been a Christian many years.”

Now Christophe, by the Spirit’s aid,
Began to know who held this speech,
And in new freedom, undismayed,
Cried out, “Thou shalt not overreach
My soul’s desires, thou Evil One !
I will not listen. Now begone !”

But, as this struggle sharp through hours
Had lasted, all his wearied powers

No longer could their tension keep ;
And so with prayer he fell asleep.
The Devil, for a season, left
Him undisturbed, while, as in cleft
Of some deep rock hides a spent hare
From its pursuer, slept he there ;
And angels came to him in gleams
Of purest light, and gave him dreams
Of heaven, and peaceful, holy things,
While gentle breezes fanned their wings.
It seemed his father likewise came,
All-glorious, and spoke his name,
While with his arms his form embraced.
“ Dear son, life is too short to waste
In seeking any other thing,”
He said, “ than that which rest will bring.”
When as he spoke that sweet word *rest*,
His soul was most serenely blest :
Before his gaze did then disclose
A waxen wreath of pure white rose.
How fair the flower and bud 'mid leaves
Of shining green ! “ Pray, what are these ? ”
He cried in deep amaze. “ Behold,”
The vision said, “ the ashes hold

Within the dark and silent tomb
That which will live in fadeless bloom."
He spoke his joy, and woke anew,
While peace suffused his being through ;
And yet, so rapt he was, and still,
It seemed in God dwelt all his will.
A deep, pervading awe of bliss
Life was to him, and only this. .
Then, by love's impulse strong and calm,
He straightway rose, and wrote this psalm :—

“O God of heaven and all the planets vast
Which circle through the universe !
My homage let me now before thee cast,
My humble strains of praise rehearse.

I see thee not ; but thine almighty power,
Which fills the earth with living light,
I feel shed on me in this glorious hour
With an unspeakable delight.

Thou King of kings ! thou Sovereign of the
earth !
Whose loving-kindness from thy throne

Preserves the smallest creature of thy birth,
Canst thou accept me as thine own ?

Long have I sinned, thy holy law trans-
gressed :
I've often mourned my earthly lot,
And questioned wherefore others were more
blest,
As though I were by thee forgot.

I dreamed not of this power to keep thy joy ;
I recked not holy peace like this, —
Such pure, fine gold, without one base alloy,
The overcoming sense of bliss !

I know my utter poverty of strength ;
I see my sin of all the past,
Once buried in my memory's distant length,
Now in clear recognition cast.

Not by one work of righteousness I've done,
Not one good thought or prayer or tear,
But by the blood of the incarnate Son,
Am I from stains of guilt washed clear.

Teach me, O God! what shall be meet,
A tribute to upraise to thee
For this new life, this love divinely sweet,
For all that thou hast done for me.

Thy will I'll serve by grace with meek content,
Thus share the truest earthly rest,
If I may be the humble instrument
To execute thy high behest.

I am like some small isle 'mid waters lone ;
For, where God is, all else is nought :
Encircled is my soul with love's strong zone,
With gratitude profoundly fraught.

I glimpse that continent beyond this sphere,
Where love divine fills all the air ;
Fair, radiant angels, — oh! they have no fear :
My blessed Saviour, thou art there !

Low droop mine eyes : such splendrous light
Shines all about me from on high,
That I would borrow wings to veil my sight.
O Jesus! spare me, lest I die.

Holy, holy, holy thou, dear Lord !
Thy glories all my being fill :
I am too blest to speak one other word :
Lo ! at thy feet I will be still."



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Yours fraternally
J. S. Inskip



VI.

CONFESSION.

'Twas evening in the purpled wood :
The rosy light had gone
Behind the shadows brown,
When one before the people stood
Whom Christophe's eye had caught
In public, as he taught
By a commission strong and good.

He was a leader in that throng ;
And such indeed was he
Where'er he chanced to be,
By virtue of his nature strong ;
And by a heav'nly power,
He held a freehold dower
To warfare wage against the wrong.

His presence was more brave than fine :
His eye gleamed steady fire
From coals of zeal, not ire ;
And in it was a certain sign
Of latent, honest wit,
Adapted well to hit
Wherever he did so design.

The largest concourse was his home ;
The crowd him full inspired :
But most his fervor fired
When he to dangerous scenes had come.
He trod all fear beneath,
As " on his native heath,"
Where God had sent him free to roam.

As thus when he to Mormon host
In bold decision went,
And raised the " mammoth tent ;"
Nor gave delay to count the cost,
His helpers by his side, —
And preached Christ crucified,
Without whose pardon they'd be lost.

And loud he cried with Pauline force
 Against immoral lives,
 Plurality of wives,
With all the sin which comes in course ;
 While burdened women wept,
 And elders hard look kept,
As they sat out his plain discourse,
(And secret wished to see his corse !)

E'en there the Spirit witnessed power :
 Souls hung'ring, thirsting long
 In a delusion strong,
Were led to Christ in that same hour ;
 Poor wives turned willing ear,
 In their unspoken fear,
To hope from sin's oppressive dower.

The man who could thus stand up square
 Before a Brigham Young,
 And use a fearless tongue
To shout, " Ye sinners, oh, beware !"
 Where others feared the laws,
 Or gave them their applause, —
Need he in any place despair ?

(And well deserve those noble men
Who shared this duty's call
In labors of the tongue and pen :
God bless them, one and all !)

You'd know this man of unique mold,
Had with a two-edged sword,
Cleft many a hollow gourd
Which men would pass for globose gold ;
And now, a foe to shams,
He fed the sheep and lambs,
And gathered them in one large fold.

His speech was clear, astute, and straight ;
Perchance 'twas also smooth,
When he thought wise to soothe :
But oftenest like a full-barred gate,
Did his strong language ope
Before broad fields of hope,
Where pageants marched in royal state.

No idle play he made of work,
Nor ease for pottage sold,
But like reformer old,

Whom Satan sought to make his clerk,
His weapon boldly threw ;
And no man ever knew
This champion of the truth to shirk.

Him now our Christophe heard to cry,
 " 'Tis time, dear brethren all,
 And sisters you I call,
To stand up here and testify
 What has been done for you,
 In olden time or new,
By Him who for your sins did die."

As with one surging, mighty voice,
 The people grandly sung,
 While all the forest rung, —
" O happy day, that fixed my choice !"
 Likewise, " Salvation's free,"
 They sang, " for you and me :"
Greatly in Christ they did rejoice.

Like some strong wind which brings a shower
 Of leaves in autumn gold,
 Were moved both young and old,

As with a Pentecostal power :
Bright words were borne along
The interludes of song,
In lustrous drifts, that heavenly hour.

“ Your gift now on the altar lay,”
The leader cried aloud
Among the waiting crowd ;
While a sweet voice began to pray.
At first, low burned the fire ;
Anon it mounted higher,
Till over all it bore full sway.

Not grander in the spirit's plaint,
The *Dies Iræ* is,
With august symphonies,
Than was the plea of this dear saint ;
Not solemn litany
Could more ecstatic be :
Sure, woman ought to pray, not faint !

And, when the fire did burn white-heat,
Up rose a sister dark,
Aimed at the highest mark,—

High as her Master's very feet, —
 Moved every heart to ruth,
 Relating her life's truth,
In language plain, and spirit sweet.

The "old, old story" also gave,
 Of full salvation found
 While here upon the ground,
Preachers in worldly glory brave :
 They said, " I praise the Lord ;
 I do believe his Word ;
He does my heart from sinning save."

One said, " I've led a charmèd life,
 As angels were alert
 To keep me from all hurt :
I've known but little earthly strife
 Since on the mountain wild,
 When I was but a child,
My soul with new, bright hopes was rife.

" I do remember even now
 That grand, wild thunder-shower
 Which filled me with its power

As I sat on the summit's brow :
Then thought I of the Lord,
The glory of his Word,
Until I made to him my vow.

“ Within the pulpit I have stood,
As held with bands of love,
And sought to clearly prove
The life most worthy of the good :
But I have felt my need ;
There was a power indeed
By me in heart, not understood.

“ I've passed among the friendly crowd
In paths with favors in,
As though no discipline
Propitious Fate had e'er allowed ;
But late I've known a cross,
And realized a loss
Of what pure love would have endowed.

“ And here upon this sacred ground
I've earnest sought to prove
The depth of perfect love ;

And here the Saviour I have found
In a salvation full ;
Though naught that's wonderful
Has with the work been interwound.

“It's all unlike what I had planned,
So passionless and still,
As in my Father's will
Alone in hallowed peace I stand.
'Tis well ; his will be done :
Enough, if I am one
Whose name is sealed upon His hand.”

The tears did round this gracious speech ;
And solemn choral word,
Of “Glory to the Lord !”
Was heard where'er the ear could reach.
Ah ! then this fervent prayer
From hearts ascended there : —
“Give him new power henceforth to teach !”

Meantime our Christophe sought his chance
To testify the grace.
At last he claimed a place,

And paused with tranquil countenance :
 " I'll speak to-night," thought he,
 " The Saviour helping me,
Though all the world my faith denounce."

A few unstudied words he spoke ;
 With holy fervor filled,
 His heart's best thought distilled
In stream free-flowing, such as broke
 From ancient Horeb's rock,
 When it had felt the shock
Of an electric master-stroke.

From strong temptation, he stood strong ;
 His spirit had put on
 That grand oblivion
To all things which to earth belong,
 As rarest natures gain
 From sovereign strife with pain,
And with the stony sphinx of wrong.

All in that concourse, low or high,
 In scene sublime were massed,
 As God alone had classed

The ranks of hell, of earth, and sky.

Pure love possessed his soul,

An undivided whole :

He saw alone the unseen Eye !

His utterance over, angels came

In holy ministry,

And set his spirit free :

Ah ! never had he felt the same.

With what supernal joy,

Without one base alloy,

He whispered, " Jesus, dearest name ! "

And all the people felt the grace

Truth guarantees true speech,

Beyond all copied reach

That eloquence to pride gives chase :

The Spirit in each word,

They with rejoicing heard ;

And heavenly glory filled the place.

" The way the holy prophets went,

The way that leads from banishment,

The King's highway of holiness,"

They sang with fervid stress,

As though a cloud of grace were rent ;
And holy unction new
Did move them through and through,
While all their spirits sweetly blent.

“ Praise God ! I'm blessed ! I'm strangely
blest ! ”

Cried Christophe through his tears :
“ The iron rod of years
Has bloomed with beauty unexpressed :
Henceforth be all forgot,
The sorrow of my lot ;
With Christ my Lord I'll safely rest. ”





VII.

“Who giveth songs in the night.” — JOB xxxv. 10.

“I call to remembrance my song in the night.” — Ps. lxxvii. 6.

AT midnight, wak'ning from his sleep,
Where angels did their watching keep,
Christophe heard music, as if drops
Of gladness fell on crystal stops,
And shaded off to tearful runes
Through arches made of Gothic tunes ;
And all this beauteous melody
Brought to his mind what used to be :
The things he'd loved in halcyon days,
Or read, or sung in roundelays,
All fused in one ecstatic chord
Whose language was, “I praise the Lord !”

Then, half asleep, he rose, and wrote
Within his book this little note, —
“I hear such music in my sleep,
My soul cannot expression keep :
To what can I now liken it
This side the heavenly infinite ?”

Not children laughing in the bowers ;
Nor singing-birds of May ;
Not golden bees in hearts of flowers ;
Nor ordnance on exultant day ;

Not brooks swift running silver clear,
And fresh beneath the leaves ;
Nor earthquake with its scroll of fear
Which central fire upheaves ;

Not Afric's forest bass of lions ;
Apollo with his shell ;
Not surf-wave in its wild defiance ;
Nor gentlest words that ever fell ;

Not softest, most exquisite lute ;
Not evening's sobbing rain ;

Nor drop of autumn's ripened fruit,
Or rustle of the grain ;

Not melody of falling snows ;
Or growing wool on flocks ;
Not blossoming of fullest rose ;
Or moss o'errunning rocks, —

Not all the varied sounds of earth,
Attuned to smiles or tears ;
Compare with these of heavenly birth,
The song of holy spheres !

The moon looked down in its full splendor.
He rose, and, with emotions tender,
Cried out, " My soul has burst its prison ;
From house of bondage I've arisen ;
My harp anew in praise I'll string :
Listen, ye stars, while I shall sing : —

" Glory to God ! He's broke my chains,
And washed away my guilty stains.

Through Jesus' blood who died for me,
I am from power of sin set free.

I'll magnify his holy name,
From whom my great deliv'rance came.

I've dropped my burdens at his feet :
There's rest in Jesus, oh, how sweet !

I've seen his face : he smiled on me,
And promised all my strength to be.

No longer pain or woe I dread ;
For I am greatly comforted.

Such streams of love I ne'er can tell
Upon my soul in glory fell.

All things alike his goodness prove :
In life or death, my God is love !”

That morn the sunrise wrapt the lake a-sleeping,
In aureole of carmine vapor,
As if red Mars his vigils there were keeping,
While Venus held her dying taper ;

Upon the green plateau this overcasting,
Christophe did walk in musing slowly;
He said, "O God, who art from everlasting!
Thou hast respect unto the lowly;
Thou clothest those who seek thee with sal-
vation,
As splendor clothes this summer morning;
Our dwelling-place in every generation,
Be thine own beauty our adorning.
How good it is to show thy loving-kindness,
Now thou hast made me to perceive it!
Aforetime, when I groped about in blindness,
Dear Saviour, I would not believe it!"

This precious name he had no sooner spoken,
When one approached his pathway nearly:
"I know my brother!" said he, "by this
token, —
That dearest name thou speakest dearly."
Whereat, with other words of salutation,
They slow pursued their way united.
The stranger said, "'Of him my meditation
Shall be sweet,' the Psalmist hath indited.

In this fair morning, rayed with beauty golden,
And all things thus harmonious moving,
I trust thy Saviour dear, thou hast beholden
In all the fullness of thy loving."

(For he was one who sowed beside all waters,
With word of mouth, and pen, did nourish
In divers sects and churches, sons and daughters,

That they in Zion's courts might flourish.)

Then Christophe told him with a holy boldness
The reason for the hope now in him.

"No longer do I mourn," he said, "my coldness,

My slavish bondage unto sinning ; .

For Jesus all my wisdom is, my Saviour !

And yet I must confess temptation :

I'm led to ask if all my life's behavior

Will sure comport with full salvation."

Then spoke the reverend man with kind compassion, —

"Thou hast indeed the well-known trying ;

Thyself thou canst not keep in wise disposition

In living, or, much less, in dying.

All power, my brother, unto God belongeth,
Whom neither life nor death hath shaken :
A trust in our poor self the Saviour wrongeth ;
For he our cause hath undertaken :
Thy burdens, of whatever name or nature,
Thou canst not carry sinless ever ;
Believe that Jesus liveth ; he will wait your
Cry for victory to deliver.
Give all unto his goodness ; on his bosom
Rest thee, brother, no more tasking
Length or strength of blessings, lest thou lose
them :
Grace is given by the asking."

This man loved much, like John, beloved disci-
ple,
And Jesus' love he told with sweetness,
As though its very essence he would rifle,
And hold in a divine completeness.
As Christophe listened, cried he, "My dear
Jesus,
Now I love him better than before ;
I see from *all* our burdens how he frees us :
By his grace, I'll love him evermore."

“I’ve learned to love my Lord,” pursued the stranger,

“By reading with devout attention
The Word of God ; — e’en from the holy manger
To that grand scene of the ascension,
Truth marks the way in every section ;
Yea, all the word of Holy Scripture
Is good for doctrine, for reproof, correction,
Instruction, that has power to lift your
Soul, if rightly treasured, to perfection ;
Yea, I would be a Bible Christian,
Before the choicest savant of the ages ;
For this, with a divine admixtion,
Can give us wisdom better than the sages,
Enstamped with God’s own superscription.
'Twere wise indeed if all the Christian churches,
As botanists search field and garden,
Would study well the nature of the purchase
Which Christ has made for their full pardon.
Believe me, every research of this nature
Unfolds new treasures, rich surprises,
Revelations of the Spirit, — these await your
Prayerful reading, as selectest prizes
In the race.”

“ Yes,” said Christophe in their going,
“ Throughout the Bible now, there seems a river
Pure, crystal bright, in beauty flowing,
E'er springing freshly from the glorious Giver,
And truth's own hidden riches showing.
Once all was dry as Desert of Sahara ;
I read, but did not understand ;
And, when I drank, 'twas from the streams of
Marah,
Beside the banks of burning sand.
I read, last even, in the moon's bright gleam-
ing,
And very precious was the word.
Pray, pardon me ; but in my latest dreaming
'Twas heavenly what I saw and heard ;
I cannot tell if I was clay or spirit ;
There came to me a beauteous vision
In song of gladness, — even now I hear it :
I must have been in land elysian.”
“ Pray narrate what you heard, my brother,”
Now spoke in gentle stress the other.

“ I dreamed I was within the Bible reading,
And, lo ! were sheep beside a river feeding,

While many lambs were round about them playing.

‘How fair are these green pastures!’ was my saying,

It seemed, as I the pages turned to ponder,
A voice announced, — ‘See thou the river yonder ;

Then come with me :’ I followed as if swinging
In a boat ; thus were heavenly voices singing, —

“Gently row we,
Swiftly go we,
O’er the heavenly waters golden ;
All our moving,
All our roving,
Like some wondrous fable olden.

Music tender,
Crystal, slender,
Or refulgent in its gushing,
Wreathes the rowing,
Royal going
Through the waves around us rushing !

Waves that crinkle,
Dip and sprinkle,
Or uprise in martial column !
Grand the chorus
Rolling o'er us,
In a thunder deep and solemn.

Shores of granite
From lost planet,
Fallen in its conflagration ;
Banks of crimson,
With sweet hymns on, —
Hymns of holy salutation.

Bordering closes
Arched with roses ;
Harebells tiny music ringing :
Wave the grasses,
Through the passes,
All the trees are softly singing.

Zephyr bracing,
Interlacing

Coolness through the summer splendor ;
O my spirit !
As ye hear it,
Yield to musings eld and tender

Hark, O dreamer !
Thy Redeemer
Opes the silver lock of silence ;
Speech how precious !
Words that bless us
Echo all the distant islands : —

‘ Ransomed angels
My evangels
Are of love to one another ;
He who loveth,
Best it proveth
By compassion for his brother.

‘ Who’ll take passage
With my message
To my people ? — faithful keepers
In the forest,
Where a harvest
Ready waiteth for the reapers.’

Beings beauteous
Answered duteous,
While their wings did veil their faces :
‘ Holy, holy !
Full of glory
Makes thy blessing all earth’s places.

‘ Gladly go we
With the story
Of the cross and full salvation, —
Whatsoever
Thou, dear Saviour,
Shall accord their expectation.’

‘ Ransomed angels
My evangels
Breathe within the Spirit’s moving :
Well ye know them,
And ye show them
Somewhat of the worth of loving.

‘ Earth and heaven,
All are given

To them, without any cost :
By my merit
They inherit
Saving to the uttermost.

‘ Great the blessing
Worth possessing,
Passing sum of human wonder ;
Triumph glorious,
Crowns victorious,
In the realm of glory yonder.

‘ I shall meet them,
I shall greet them,
When they journey o’er the river :
All that’s fearful,
All that’s tearful,
They will leave behind forever.

‘ Do not lose them ;
On my bosom
Lay each burden now distressing ;
I’ll deliver,
Be the giver
Of my Father’s perfect blessing.’

As it dies on
The horizon,
Dies away the sweet expression,
All is silence,
River, islands,
Struck by infinite possession.

Then the favor
Of my Saviour,
Saw I worth life's sorest trials, —
All its crosses,
All its losses,
Earnest labors, self-denials.

Now we enter
Love's broad center,"
Sang the shining ones in glory ;
" Haste the rowing,
Royal going !
Endeth here the wondrous story."

Such in substance was my dream :
Oh, how life-like it did seem !

For these views of Christ and heaven
Half my years be freely given ;
Since I never reck'd before
Such great joys remained in store
To the souls who faithful prove,
Live a life of holy love.





VIII.

THE SISTERS.

As rapidly sped on the hours,
New crowds appeared in frequent showers ;
And each steam-whistle seemed to be
Most like the tropic plant brownæ,
Whose thyrsus bears five hundred flowers.
The grave divine in white cravat ;
The student with the careless hat ;
Young maidens like blush-roses fair ;
Sweet ladies old with silvered hair ;
And matrons in their life's rich dower,
Like some full blooming, fragrant flower,
With here and there, a little bud,
Just opening to disclose the rud ;
Fair children in their novel glee,

Unchecked by all the sanctity ;
And men bowed down with weight of woes,
Like ancient trees beneath the snows
Of many ruthless winters ; men
With trouble chiefly in their ken ;
And some whose eager look they wore,
Suggested they had seen before
Their journey here, a brilliant star,
Which they had followed from afar,
Till it had stood above this grove,
Sacred to rest and perfect love, —
All these and many more were seen
As features in this varied scene.
In many tents, the meetings held
Were forges where the fire did weld
In holy love and union sweet,
The spirits warmed to a white-heat,
While singing olden tunes with zest,
Or praying fervently till blest,
Or yet, in testimony clear,
What harvests souls were gleaning here.

In one such tent, at wane of day,
Our Christophe gladly found his way.

There women mostly filled the space,
With here and there, a man in place.
The sisters young, and old in deed
And thought, this meeting seemed to lead,
And carry sway in that full zeal
Which earnest women often feel.
Then Christophe chose a backward seat,
More awed than if where prelates meet,
Resolved to hold his peace unseen,
To learn what woman's gifts can mean.
A few did his perception mark
As pupils of Joan of Arc,
With supernatural power endowed,
Attracting followers from the crowd,
And leading them with perfect ease
To heights or depths, as did them please.

A gifted woman, in the plan
Of nature, far exceeds a man
In power of execution quick
And practical ; but, in the thick
Of complicated battle long,
The race is proven to the strong.

She is not logical, but sharp ;
Gives her dark sayings on the harp
Or yet upon the gold-stringed lute ;
And, least of all, can she be mute !
With fewer words, but grander scope
Of vision, her intenser hope,
With her magnetic presence pure,
And all the charms which so allure,
Would slay her thousands, where before,
With utmost pains, she won a score.
Now such was but the fleeting thought
Which Christophe to his mind had caught
From books, and speech with critic men ;
But here he saw what tongue or pen
Had not to him in justice drawn, —
Of the new day propitious dawn !
A few plain women, with strong ruth
For souls, wrought valiantly for truth.

The fable old interpreted,
Why the white roses changed to red,
Being true to fact, is even true
In this our day, as when 'twas new :

A lovely goddess, in her speed
To help a suffering one in need,
Received a wound within her foot
From whitest rose ; from hence the root
Whereon the wound in freedom bled
Was changed in hue from white to red :
So now these sisters, as they ran
In holy work for fellow-man,
Oft gained a wound from critics' doom,
Which did but pass to deeper bloom,
The flowers of humble work for God.
Lo ! with red roses blooms the rod !

“ O woman ! ” Christophe said in heart,
“ Thine is indeed the envied part,
To teach us stronger, grosser clay
How much superior is thy way
To ours ” —

The thought was not complete,
Ere she who led, his gaze did meet.
“ My brother, ” was her gentle speech,
“ We now invite you, us to teach,

As you've received unusual light,
We heard, praise God ! but yesternight :
Impart to us a single ray
To light us in this heavenly way."

Then Christophe, thus invoked to use
The gift of God, durst not refuse,
And, rising with a humble mien,
His feelings spoke with words serene.
Likewise he urged them to pursue
The way in which their influence grew
So broad and masterful : 'twould be
As he had seen the zamang-tree
Of Guayra, whose thick branches bend
In pendent grace, and gently blend,
Until a hemisphere is made
Of beauteous and refreshing shade,
To fainting travelers welcome there,
To which no other trees compare ;
For its great blessing multiform
Is greatest even in the storm.
And what we prize is good indeed,
If it serves best when most we need.

“O woman ! thine the labor good,
To form a Christian sisterhood
Upon a system nobly based,
With all good works in beauty graced.
Thy branches shall extend, unite,
Till they shall happily invite
The myriads fainting for relief
To find a refuge for their grief.
True charities ! — how much do these
Exceed a life of pleasure, ease,
Whose central thought is self to please !
I see beyond this day,” he cried,
“ The time when woman’s greatest pride
Will range in what is nobly done ;
God bless such sisters every one !
And give them grace to fully dower
This era new of woman’s power.
God help us even here to prove,”
Concluded he, “ the power of love,
That it our souls may richly bless
With that rare grace of steadfastness,
That not alone upon this ground
In mounts of joy we may be found,
But elsewhere, with high or low,

Where'er our footsteps need to go,
The angel of His presence save
Us from a loss of what we have,
But rather gain in every place
Some new attainment of God's grace,
That all, the critic and the friend,
May see we ever recommend
This gift, which we in faith profess.
Oh ! save us, Lord, in steadfastness ! ”

“ Yes,” said a sister, rising there,
With a refined, commanding air ;
“ The brother teaches us a fact,
Whose power, I fear, we oft have lacked.
'Tis very well with us to-day ;
But shall we be in this good way
To-morrow, if the changing hours
Should bring new tax upon our powers ?
Or if, in this highway we're found,
Will nought we do or say, confound
Another who may pause to see
What sort of persons we should be
In every kind of work and word,
To well comport with what is heard

Concerning those who live to prove
The power to save in perfect love?
Like holy angels, it is true,
We cannot hope on earth to do ;
With diligence we'll ever strive
To worthy of our calling live,
That finally to us, be given
Abundant entrance into heaven."



And bade him speak to dying men,
As though his only chance was then.
“ Who knows we meet these souls,” said he,
“ Again, this side eternity ? ”
Thus prompted, Christophe took the stand,
With solemn mien, upraised his hand :
The things he'd lately felt he spoke,
Till all the crowd with fervor woke ;
For nothing kindles equal zeal
Like wisely telling what we feel :
When God has touched with burning coal
From off his altar our own soul,
The fire, we then communicate
To those who round us listening wait.
So held were all in hallowed calm,
As by an unseen, powerful charm :
The Holy Ghost, 'twas evident,
Within that mass was being sent ;
For sinners 'neath the burning word
Did tremble greatly as they heard ;
And, when invited to come forth
To prove their own salvation's worth,
With tearful eyes they forward drew,
And cried, “ We would escape from sin :

We see the peril we are in.
Oh ! show us what we ought to do."

Strong men and women there were found
To humbly kneel upon the ground ;
And others, smitten by the Power,
Were deep convicted in that hour.
Then Christophe, with his warm heart full,
Said, " In good sooth, 'tis wonderful
How God will hear his children pray !
I've asked for this, lo ! all this day.
How can we e'er forget to prove
The rich resources of his love ?"
His voice for them in fervent prayer,
Was heard by all the listeners there :

" Dear Lord ! we've tried earth's fairest things,
And still for good we yearn ;
The flowers have thorns ; and wealth takes
wings ;
Bright moments ne'er return.

The dear ones that we loved have gone
Beyond our vain recall ;

The royal dreams of life have flown ;
And change must come to all.

But hark ! we hear a glorious voice, —
'Tis music on the ear, —
'Make Me your heart's eternal choice,
And dry each falling tear.

Believe ! believe that I have paid
Thy ransom full and free :
I am thy Lord ; be not afraid,
Arise and follow me !'

O Lamb of God ! we see thee now, —
The wounds in thy dear side,
The cruel thorns upon thy brow :
With thee we will abide.

Here now, we pledge ourselves to be
Thine own, in weal or woe ;
Through all our life we'll follow thee,
Wherever thou shalt go."

“Dost thou this pledge in freedom give,”
Cried Christophe? “Ye who truly do,
Arise and count thy birth anew,
As those henceforth in Christ to live.
But ye who still do hesitate,
Before this altar further wait ;
For Jesus sure is lingering near,
Ready to pardon sinners here :
Respecter of no person, he ;
But only asks sincerity,
And earnest hope in living faith,
That he does save thy soul from death.”

Some straightway rose : their faces shone
With holy peace and rapture new
While telling what the Lord had done ;
And glory on their feelings grew,
As when the day has struggled clear
Of darkest night, and all the earth
Rejoices in bright atmosphere,
Emerging from triumphant birth.
“Now praise the Lord,” was Christophe’ cry ;
“In joy let every tear be dry.”

And then they sang with one accord
This song of triumph the Lord : —

“ Now with triumph I sing ;
To the cross let me cling
Where my Saviour did suffer for me ;
I have seen his dear face ;
I have felt his free grace ;
And his child I'll forevermore be,

Oh ! I hope to be one,
Who will see the white throne ;
Having followed the Lamb where he goes,
On the mountain of light,
In the valley of night,
By still streams, or through rivers of woes.

There is nought of true worth
On this changeable earth,
But my Jesus' adorable love ;
My gold is but dross,
My gains are but loss ;
I will live for the home that's above.

CHORUS.

Oh ! we'll sing glory hallelujah,
As we follow the dear Lord
All the way that's before us,
With his blessed hand o'er us,
And with the sweet comforts derived from his
Word."

With those who still did wait in prayer
Christophe thus joined with sacred air :—

GOLDEN VIALS.

"What were those the prophet saw
In the vision of the book ?
What strange picture did he draw,
As no artist ever took ?
Golden vials,
Prayers of saints,
Changed to odors all their trials
And complaints.

There's a burden weighs thee down :
It is sin, with all its pain ;

Strive for pardon, win a crown :
It is worth thy prayers to gain.
Fill the vials
Even full ;
There's a crown for all our trials,
Beautiful !

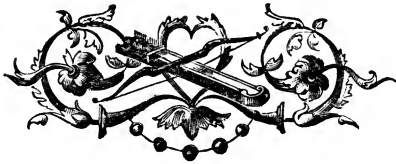
Time is passing, now be wise ;
Look to Jesus, look and live !
See your image in his eyes !
Hear his promise to forgive !
Fill the vials,
Fill them up :
These blest altars are the dials
Of our hope.

All that's willful in your heart
Bury in the Saviour's love :
Will you with the vain things part,
For the treasure that's above ?
Golden vials
Fill with prayer :
There's reward for self-denials
Here and there !”

As all arose from strong, prevailing prayer,
And many triumphed in their pardon there,
Unto a brother now was Christophe's word :—
“ How blissful 'tis to labor in the Lord !
My heart, it seems to me, would surely rend,
If I could not religion recommend.
Life is so short, so much there is to do,
I almost wish to live my years anew.
How much I've wasted in my idle dreams,
While selfishly I basked beside still streams !
Or yet, complaining I was not more blest,
While others in this work found truest rest.
Henceforth let me what gifts I have, improve
In the delightful service of pure love.”

“ Dear brother,” said the elder in the way,
“ Pray that thy strength may equal all thy day ;
Faint not when thou shalt find the souls adverse,
As it may seem, to all that's good ; rehearse
To them the old, sweet story of the cross ;
To save a soul from death count nothing loss.
Our Saviour came the righteous not to call,
But sinners, — those who in the pathway fall ;

Remember this,* and let thy love be great
As the nobility of thine estate.
Give like a prince unto the darkest soul,
By faith in Him who only maketh whole;
And in the coming day, thy coronet
With many stars in glory shall be set."





X.

QUID PRO QUO.

SOME have a range of faculties,
Where throned in power the reason is
In inquisition straight and stern,
The *quid pro quo* exact to learn,
Give not without equivalent,
And by emotion never bent.
The evidence of things unseen
By faith in formula, they mean.
To meet this want, must be supply
Of men who know the reason why,
And, not less ready, skilled to show
In crystal clearness what they know.

And so within this group of men
Who taught the mass by tongue and pen,
Was one whom God to this had called,
In mental movement disinthralled ;
Was strong and clear to range the truth
In portions meet for age and youth.

Him Christophe heard the way expound
In calm and brief discourse, profound.
Things new and old, thereat did seem
With order in attractive scheme ;
His late emotion settling thus,
Beneath the movement tremulous,
Upon a basis strong and good,
Approved the more when understood.

Thereafter, this man, Christophe sought,
Communed with him of what he taught,
And found him gentle in his speech,
As should be all ordained to teach ;
Easy of access, and benign, —
Of greatness no more certain sign ;
In dignity serene, removed
Afar from stiffness, so well loved

By men in *ex cathedra* state ;
Not less from freedom, duplicate
Of folly, in unseemly jest,
That must the soul of power divest.

This preacher seemed in mission, sent
To be the Leader's complement,
Fulfilling each the other's lack,
Abreast upon their chosen track.
Our Lord sent forth disciples two,
His holy work on earth to do.
We see the wisdom in the plan
Of fellowship with fellow-man.
Unlike in gift, unlike in gauge,
In peace they make their pilgrimage,
And work a work, as led by God,
So wise and bountiful and broad,
Their brethren bless them with their aid.
With many helps their hands are stayed ;
And many hearts with holy zeal,
Their work on either hand reveal.

Some things remained in Christophe's mind,
His reason had not yet defined,

As this : " The body which we're in,
As carnal, is sold under sin,
So that, when rightly I would do,
I fear the evil present too ;
With the apostle I shall cry
O wretched man indeed am I !
Where is the all-sufficient faith
That can deliver from this death ? "

" 'Tis true," this teacher said, " you're sold
To sin ; but mark, these words are told, —
For ye are bought with price, and this,
Christ's blood, atoning sacrifice.
' What ! know ye not your body is
The temple of the Holy Ghost
In you,' provided at this cost !
It reads, and ye are not your own,
Your life is not with self alone,
Then were it sin ; but now in you,
Dwells one who safely bears you through.
This temple of the living God,
In which the Spirit has abode,
The Scripture saith is holy ; then,
A holy life should live all men."

Said Christophe, "Ah! the truth is great ;
With man God has a joint estate !
Such life with us how may we know,
With our short vision here below ?

" Hereby we know ;" the Word imparts,
" If we his love have in our hearts,
And his commandments are obeyed ;
To such, these promises are made :—
' We will with him make our abode.
Ye shall abide in love of God.
To him myself I'll manifest.
Come unto me, I'll give you rest.
This holy rest, earth's strife amid,
Shows forth your life with Christ is hid.' "

" The Tempter is not dead : he lives
With each new grace the Spirit gives."

" Draw nigh to God, and he is nigh ;
Resist the Devil, he will fly ;
Touch not the unclean thing, and I
A Father's power will magnify."

“When there are conflicts all the way,
In blindness oft we go astray.
If truth were mapped out on a chart,
I'd follow it with all my heart.”

“Good men, we read, in every age
Have had from God the heritage
Of consciousness of his own will :
This is the presence that can fill
The soul with fullness of pure joy,
Which sin nor death cannot destroy.
Enoch this testimony had
That he pleased God. Exceeding glad,
The psalmist says, he makes his own.
And in that day it shall be known
That I am he that speaks. Abide
In him, you will with ease decide
His will in all things of your life,
However sharp the Tempter's strife.”

“Why, then, do men of purest make
In wisest will commit mistake ?
Wherefore these differences of thought
With those from one great model taught ? ”

“ This treasure have we, Scriptures say,
In earthen vessels, forms of clay :
That God in us his power display,
And not our own. When we are weak,
Then are we strong his will to seek,
And manifest in all our way.

Sometimes he lets us go astray,
Like Peter, who denied his Lord,
Because he trusted his own word.

Oh! let us walk with God ; be pure
In heart, his favor to secure.

Who ever failed that God did trust !

‘ By faith,’ we read, ‘ shall live the just.’ ”

“ My God ! ” then Christophe witness bore,
“ Be thou my portion evermore ! ”

“ Cease not, dear friend,” the teacher said,
To own him as your living head ;

In all things, wheresoe’er you go,
His power in you be clear to show ;

‘ For them that honor me,’ we read,

‘ I too will honor in their need.’ ”

“ And yet I would not seem to boast,
As though my modesty were lost.
I’ve heard them say things in bad taste,
Of sense and sensibility a waste :
At least, such did my judgment prove,
My soul not being filled with love.”

“ ‘ Not he who does himself commend
Approved is,’ we read, my friend ;
‘ But who’s commended of the Lord,
By standard of the Holy Word.’
‘ I am what is by God’s free grace,’
The apostle puts in foremost place,
Where he his life shows boldly forth
As an example of true worth.
This, likewise, should our witness be,
When we our hearts let others see.
‘ My soul be joyful in the Lord !’
Upon the sacred harp is heard ;
‘ In God the Lord,’ my lips exclaim,
‘ The humble hear and praise his name.’ ”





XI.

THE LOST WAYFARER FOUND.

A LONG and dazzling summer day,
Began in coolness soft to wane.
Our Christophe took his chosen way
In a retired and shady lane,
Like one of old to meditate
At this delicious eventide.
He scarce had passed through rustic gate,
And reached the dusty turnpike side,
The lake to reach with close intent,
Whose waters shone like molten gold,
Than he perceived a figure bent :
A man in homely garments old,
Slow holding his uneven way,
As if in thought completely lost.

“ And yet I would not seem to boast,
As though my modesty were lost.
I've heard them say things in bad taste,
Of sense and sensibility a waste :
At least, such did my judgment prove,
My soul not being filled with love.”

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A man in homely garments old,
Slow holding his uneven way,
As if in thought completely lost.

“My friend,” did Christophe to him say,
“Have you yon upland lately crossed?”
“Beg pardon?”

“To camp-meeting been?”

“Nay,” said the stranger, pausing quick,
And fixed his glance on Christophe keen,
While he laid down a knotty stick, —
The cane he used on which to lean.
“If you are enemy or friend,
Just yet, I do not comprehend!”

“I trust I am a friend to all,”
Said Christophe, sitting on a stone,
While a projection from the wall
He offered to the other one ;
As if he glad would rest a while,
And hold a little easy speech.

The other, with a sneer and smile,
Said, “Now I reckon you will preach?
Well, it is something worth a while
To have a worthy business each!”

While he a brier wrung in two,
"Though 'twill be hard for me to hear
What I've not done for many a year.
No! no! that's what I will not do,—
To go up there among that crew!
I don't believe a word they say;
And most I'd hate to hear them pray."

"Your candor," Christophe said, "is good;
And it would please me if you would
Explain to me how came this state,
Which brought you such a will to hate."

"Oh! wherefore should you my life know?"
He shook his head, and rose to go.
"You're not my friend: no man is such
Who looks like you: I've seen too much.
They're all up there a selfish clan,
Who care not for a fallen man."

"Stay," Christophe gently then replied,
And made him linger by his side;
While in a fervent, secret prayer,
He asked the Spirit's presence there,

To manifest a mighty power .
In that peculiar, trying hour.

“The tale is long, the tale is old ;
'Twould matter not if it were told.
Enough : I trusted, was deceived ;
I asked for bread, a stone received ;
For fish hung bait, a mad snake caught,
Who stung me where I little thought.
Oh ! if it was to be again,
I'd kill myself to ease the pain ;
And sometimes now I'm tempted to
This little private action do.
If I were gone, who'd shed a tear ?
But then there's what's to come, I fear ;
I dread to face the great Unknown ;
I dread the bed of earth and stone !”

He shook his head ; his eyelids pressed
Against his sleeve, while heaved his breast,
As though the trouble had returned, —
A mighty crater that still burned.

“ Christians were they, or said to be,
Who brought me down to what you see !
If I'd had money, I'd have stood
Among them yet, with credit good ;
That is, if I had given it
In freedom for their benefit.”

Then Christophe fervent asked the Lord
To give him the befitting word ;
And straightway, like an arrow sent
Across his thought, the Spirit lent,
“ ‘ *What's that to thee? Follow thou me !* ’
These words spake Jesus : let them be
To you his message, now, by me.
I, too, have sorrow deeply known ;
In this a brother you I own :
And thus it is I somewhat know
How true compassion to bestow.”

“ Your words are fair ; but, if you knew
What I had been, you'd leave me too,
Like all the rest of this cold world
At which my wrath I've freely hurled.

The narrow house ought not to be
A thing to greatly dread, you see,
Since I have slept in felon's cell
(Why! shrink you not at what I tell?)
Long nights of years, — accursèd years!
The truth in different light appears
From romance, sometimes; does it not?
Say, do you wonder that I'd blot
The past with an erasive deed,
Could I from memory but be freed?"

Now Christophe, in a holy glow,
Did this poor man the myst'ry show
Of Christ, who came to save the lost,
In full salvation without cost.
And, though our sins should scarlet be,
From deepest stain they are wash'd free;
"The prophet says 'as white as wool.'
Behold this truth, how beautiful!"
He cried, with tears which freely flowed.
"No matter what may be your load,
Leave it, dear friend, at Jesus' feet.
The Spirit speaks in accents sweet:

‘ Seek ye the Lord while he is found ;
Where once was sin, grace shall abound ;
He came to set the prisoners free,
And save from all iniquity.’

In earnest words, well chosen, few,
He told what he had late gone through, —
The great salvation he had found
On yonder consecrated ground.
Speechless his listener all had heard,
Till Christophe showed his own heart stirred
By mighty current of pure love :
This seemed his inner soul to move.
He bowed his head ; anon did say,
“ O sir ! show me this glorious way !
I am a sinner, very great ;
I do deserve my wretched fate :
But if there’s One who will forgive,
And let me a new creature live,
Take me to him, and him alone,
Who will for all my guilt atone ! ”

With tenderness Christophe did say,
“ Dear friend, come with me now, and pray.”

And, passing in among the trees,
They bowed together on their knees ;
The prayer of faith to heaven arose
For that poor man in all his woes,
As souls on which full grace is poured,
Can only offer to the Lord.

That night in public meeting rose
A stranger unto all, but one.
Many gave words ; 'twas near the close :
To him it seemed but just begun.

“ My friends,” he said in trembling word,
“ Can I in place like this be heard ?
I've not the wedding-garment on ;
My clothes are poor, and somewhat torn :
But bid me not depart ; I've won
The great salvation ! Praise the Lord ! ”

And “ Praise the Lord ” was echoed there,
In loud rejoicing, everywhere.

Then he took courage to relate,
How one had stopped him by the gate
To speak about his soul.

“ At first,”

Said he, “ the man I cursed
In secret heart for such waylay ;
I did not mean with him to stay ;
I hated Christians every one,
For they, I thought, had me undone ;
I wanted not of them to hear,
Or what was going forward here ;
I wished I'd passed another road,
Where I should not have found this goad.”
Then he went on to tell the power
Of what he heard in that same hour ;
How it was given him to believe
That Jesus would himself receive.
“ There seemed,” he said, “ to come a light
Which changed all things unto my sight,
As once it happened to the blind ;
So that I had another mind.
I love you all, and glad would do
Something to prove my words are true.
Though I'm unworthy, for me pray,
That I may keep in this good way.”

His humble words were scarcely done,
When rose a voice in song :
So wondrous was the perfect tone,
Could it to earth belong ?

The singer sweet of Israel,
Whose heart with love is fired,
Heard that poor man his story tell,
And straightway was inspired.

Oh, what a thrilling welcome knew
The lost wayfarer found !
Now brought to home and rest anew
With healing for each wound !

The trees did hear ; and beauty more
Put on the solemn wood,
Such as the earth in glory wore
When God pronounced it *good*.

Minstrel, go on, oh ! sing again
The matchless song of love,
Till you shall catch the golden strain
Of those who sing above.

And let your consecrated gift
With angels be possest,
The poor and sorrowful to lift
To scenes of glorious rest.

Satan hath many ways to work his will ;
He is not always resting when he's still ;
The open warfare, is his art to change,
For one within a more unguarded range :
Hence Christophe in his eye he clear did keep,
And circled near him through the maze of sleep.
A dream of fearful and bewildering power
Came with sardonic spell, at midnight hour,
To round a day of an assured success,
And bring him into bondage of distress.
But with temptation's most terrific shape,
Bless God ! there is provided an escape.
The scene of evil scarce had fled his brain,
Ere sleep returned, and Christophe dreamed
again.

He saw the angry ocean all about him rise ;
The hurrying clouds upon the darkened skies ;
And on the billows one in grandeur near,
Who spoke unto his soul in accents dear :

So strongly was this vision on his heart,
He wakened, and this record made in part : —

BE NOT AFRAID.

O thou Redeemer of my soul,
Thou fountain of my love !
When life's strong billows round me roll,
I will thy comfort prove.

I see thee on the waters stand,
In heavenly light arrayed ;
Thou reachest forth to me thy hand ;
I hear, " Be not afraid."

With thee, dear Christ, I need not fear ;
From sinking, thou wilt save ;
Thy presence makes the dark sky clear,
And smooths the stormy wave.

Be not afraid ! No, in thy will,
My care of self shall cease ;
The greatness of thy love shall fill
My soul with perfect peace.

I do believe the Holy Word,
With an unmeasured faith :
Since I thy voice have sweetly heard,
I'll fear not life nor death.



Perhaps those ancient meetings of the Scotch,
Who kept the solemn league and covenant,
Against e'en death itself, with woe and want ;
Held night conventicles among the rocks, —
Brave men and women with their leader Knox.
Now, since it costs us nothing to be true,
We lack the strength of an heroic view.
The picture of the present peaceful time
Is simply beautiful, but not sublime,"
Thought Christophe, as he glanced across the
 crowd,
And then in secret intercession, bowed.

In every church are leaders set apart
To God by men, — strong points upon the chart.
And so it came to pass, that here there stood
A man before that diverse multitude,
Among his compeers to the church ordained,
Who had the office of a bishop gained.
And men accorded it with a free heart,
Since he in every walk sustained his part,
Not as a lord o'er God's own heritage,
But an ensample, purer grown by age.

He was a man of prayer ; and hence his power
To guide the church in its most freighted hour.
He walked with unseen ones ; his speech was
wise ;

A true, God-giv'n nobility his guise :
And thus when he stood up, as on this night,
His spirit led in majesty and might.

Those consecrating words, grown strong with
age,

From off the tree of life, the foliage,
Which is for healing of the nations, — all
Who on the Lord as their Redeemer call, —
Those words were read in fervent, solemn
prayer

By him who led among his brethren there ;
While all the waiting people lowly knelt,
And in their souls the Holy Spirit felt,
For their instruction in true righteousness,
To strengthen or reprove, to guide and bless.
And a fraternal union with each heart,
Of whatsoever creed, who claimed a part
In the redemption, by the precious blood
Of Him who once was man, but now is God,

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And a fraternal union with each heart,
Of whatsoever creed, who claimed a part
In the redemption, by the precious blood
Of Him who once was man, but now is God,

And who acceded to the kindred claim
Of peace with those that bear the neighbor's
name,

Held fast their souls by the divinest power
Of Christian fellowship, in that blest hour.

As they received the emblems of their Lord,
And words of spiritual import heard,
In many a heart was registered a vow
To serve the Lord more faithfully than now.

The bishop said, "Beloved, henceforth bear
The shield of saving faith ; life's burdens share
As though ye saw God's angel standing by ;
As the Apostle Paul did testify,
And said, 'For this cause, sirs, be of good
cheer,

For I *my God believe*: we need not fear
With such a sovereign consciousness as this.
Whate'er the cross, is not existence bliss ?
There is no solitude where angels are ;
No care, where our dear Father has the care ;
No strife, when He who is our peace, makes
peace ;

No bondage, when his surety is release.
So, then, with joy that's wholly unexpressed,
They who believe do enter into rest.
Feed on the substance; drink the blood once
 shed,
In these same emblems, and be comforted."

When all had eat and drank 'mid songs of praise,
He likewise spoke, —

 "Belovèd, go your ways
In peace; and, from this sacramental hour,
Let all behold and magnify the power
Of Christ in you; be as a shining light
In this dark world. Oh! walk with him in
 white,
That, when these scenes shall be for us no
 more,
We all may meet upon that shining shore
Where we shall see our Saviour's face."

 And then
He said, —

 "God's grace be with you all, Amen."

That beauteous summer night, when nothing
stirred,

Not e'en a leaf upon its stem ; unheard
A sound, save murmur of a distant brook, —
Alone did Christophe ope the Holy Book,
To read his midnight lesson ere he slept,
While only opening flowers their vigils kept.

This was the picture, — grandest of all art !
The Saviour on a mountain, high, apart,
With Peter, James, and John. Their mortal
sight,

By miracle divine, breaks into light
Supernal and interior ! Thus they see
The power and glory of the mystery
Of Christ in man.

Beyond the human mold,
The wonders of divinity unfold,
In figure of a God !

His countenance
Is as the sun's transcendent glance ;
His flowing raiment white as light. Behold !
Appear to them two prophets, known of old, —

Spirits of the departed, once with powers
To sin and suffer, and o'ercome, like ours.

Our eyes are closed,
So that our ministry is not disclosed,
Save darkly as by dim presentiment, —
Foreshadows of the heavenly substance sent.
We see and know in part ; but, oh ! how sweet,
The presence of the promised Paraclete !

These talk with him. Ah ! could this wondrous
speech

Adown the generations to us reach !
Thus answered Peter (whose interior ear
Was likewise touched so that he understood),
And said to Jesus, " Master, it is good
For thee, and thy disciples to be here.
If it accord with thine own will to be,
Let us now fashion tabernacles three, —
For Thee, for Moses, and Elias, one.

Before his speech is done,
Behold a brilliant cloud ! whose splendor falls
In gold and purple shadows, whence there calls

A voice "This is my Son beloved! Hear him!"
 Prone on the ground they lie, with vision dim,—
 Those rapt disciples, — in great fear dismayed.
 Then Jesus said, "Arise, be not afraid."
 They feel a hand divine upon them laid,
 And lift their eyes. Dissolved the heavenly
 scene!
 Save Jesus only, no man there is seen.

While this read Christophe, and these comments
 drew
 From out his thought, all objects fainter grew,
 Till consciousness did slip along the keep
 Of the enchanting realm of healthful sleep.
 A fleeting moment to his mem'ry seemed
 Before the morning bell.

'Twas thus he dreamed :

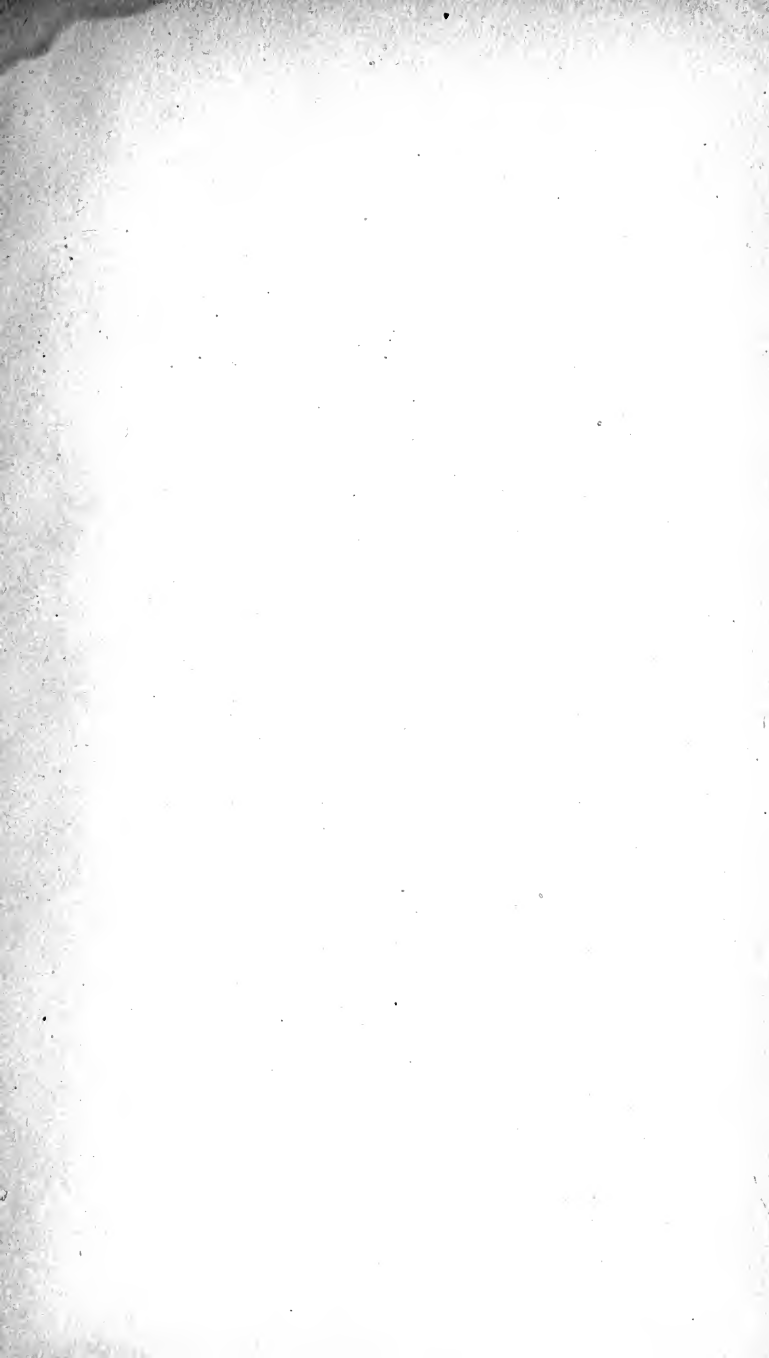
In light incarnadine a Being fair
 With noiseless move descended through the air.
 An effluence of peace fell like a dew,
 So that his soul the finest transport knew;
 And thus a voice : —

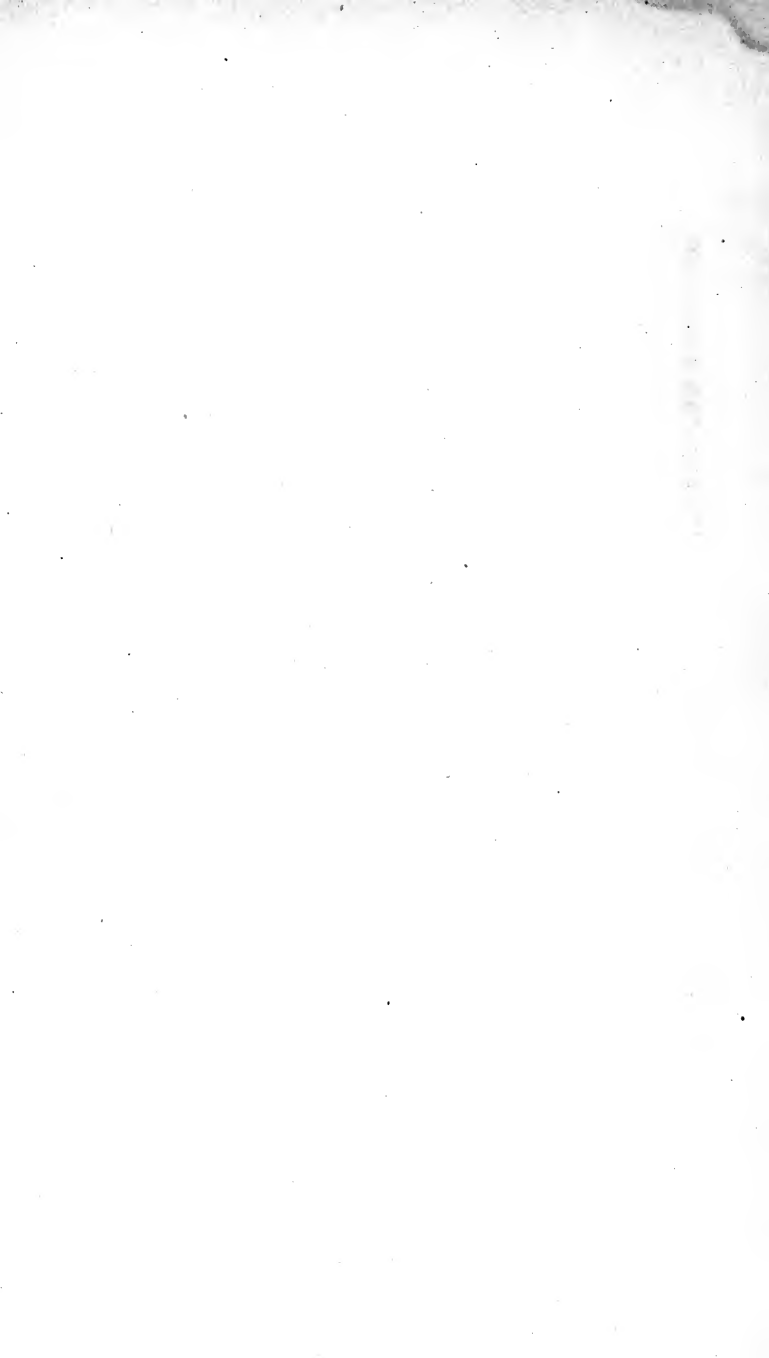
 "Here on this ground
 Thy soul the Comforter hath found.

All things are thine, and ye are his,
Who in thy heart transfigured is,
A Saviour from all sin! Hold fast
Thy confidence while life shall last ;
And from the mount of highest hope
Let heavenly glories to thee ope ;
Then thy freed spirit in the light
Shall vanish out of mortal sight !”

Now Christophe’s lips in rapture broke : —
“ Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below.”
Thus far he dreamed, and then awoke ;
But in his waking blissful spoke, —
“ Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !”

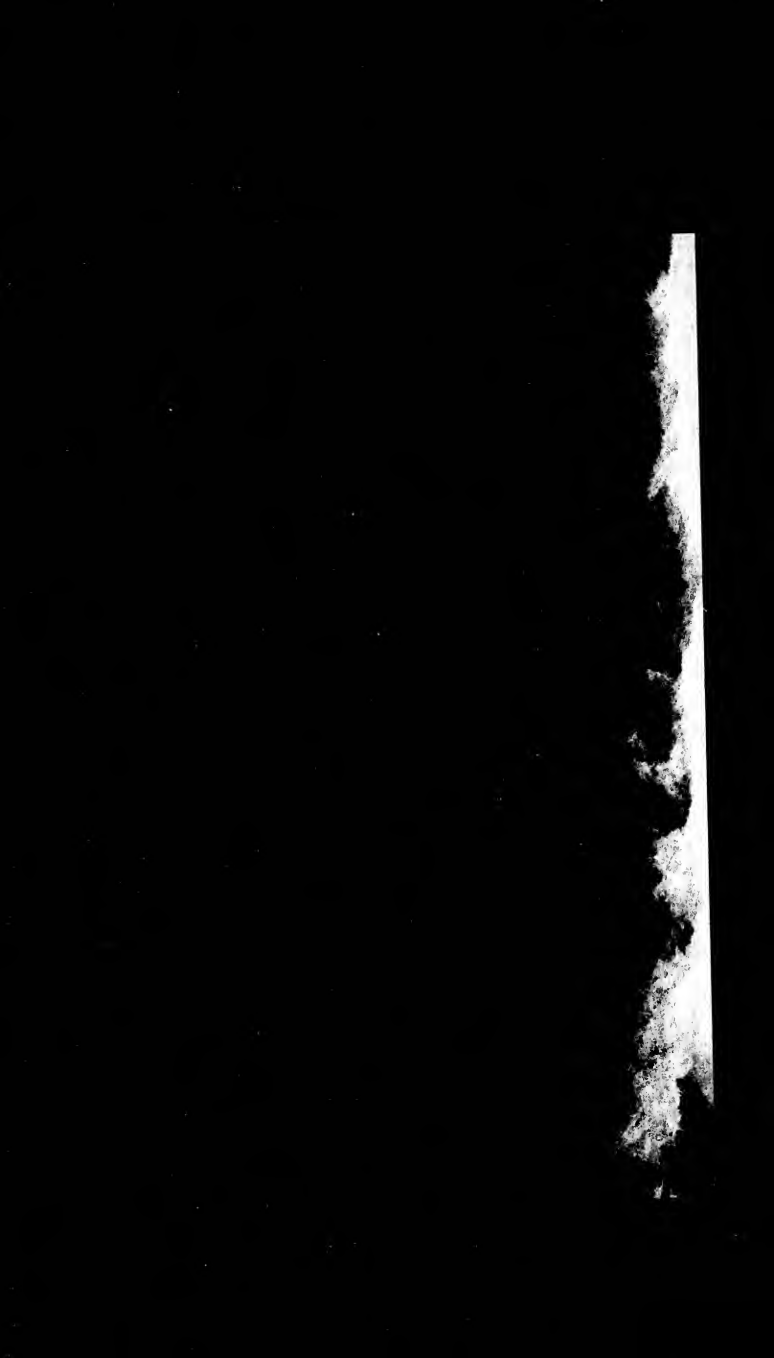






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